Singing Silence on the Planet with Maxine Hong Kingston's *The Woman Warrior*

Yuko Yaguchi*

Abstract

Kingston's *The Woman Warrior*, although highly controversial, holds an exceptional seat of canon in Asian American literature. This paper firstly surveys how the work has instigated "the pen wars" in Asian American literature, and makes a comparison with Alice Walker's *The Color Purple*, gender and ethnicity as crucial issues. It then takes a closer look at two of the five stories in *The Woman Warrior*, "No Name Woman" and "A Song for a Barbarian Reed Pipe," paying attention to the problematics of language and silence. It argues that the no name woman, the speaker's aunt who jumped into the family well with a new-born illegitimate baby half a century ago in China, is not a subaltern who could not speak, but a suicide bomber who turned her (dead) body into a site of woman/writing, a speaker and warrior at once. In the final section it examines the life of an ancient woman poet Ts'ai Yen, a symbol of female gender that Spivak calls "the most global institution with the longest history." While succumbing to a series of outrageous fates as wife and slave, she becomes a translator between "barbarians" and "barbarians," and sings "a chant that could hardly be discerned from silence."

Keywords: Asian American literature, autobiography, women, gender, ethnicity

We belong to the planet now, Mama.

Maxine Hong Kingston

We live with ghosts or spirits all around us, they are a sense of history that bonds all of us….For we too are simply ordinary people with a universe passing by us and through us.

David Mas Masumoto

Canon or Crucible?

Maxine Hong Kingston's first work, *The Woman Warrior: Memoirs of a Girlhood among Ghosts* (1976), arguably holds an exceptional seat of canon in Asian American literature, which prides itself on a rich and diverse body of works. The Modern Language Association acknowledges *The Woman Warrior* as "the most widely taught work by a contemporary writer on college campus today,"[1] and selects it in *Approaches to Teaching World Literature*,

* Yuko Yaguchi〔国際文化学科〕

the series to encourage literary education in the undergraduate level; its 148 products as of today include thirty-three single author titles of American literature, among which eleven are by women writers, six African American, and only one Asian American. The fact seems to endorse the recognition that Kingston is not only "the most influential Asian American writer of the twentieth century," but also "one of a select few 'disciplinary brand names' in academia alongside with Chaucer, Milton, and Shakespeare."[2]

On the other hand, however, *The Woman Warrior* is believed to have brought "the pen wars" to Asian American literature,[3] leading Elaine H. Kim to call it "a crucible for Asian American issues." Kim also suggests that at the back of all these clamorous pros and cons lies the fact that Kingston is "the first and, until recently, the only canonized Asian American writer in the English language."[4]

Written in the heated and fluid nexus of social transformations taking place in the late twentieth-century America, *The Woman Warrior*, when reread on the twenty-first century global stage, seems to be enveloped in even more layers of ambiguity and density. This paper aims to discuss its problematics of silence and language, mainly focusing on "No Name Woman" and "A Song for a Barbarian Reed Pipe," the first and last of its five stories. Before entering the work itself, however, let us take an overview of the history of "a crucible."

Gender and Ethnicity in the Crucible

"You must not tell anyone," my mother said, "what I am about to tell you." (3)[5]

So begins "No Name Woman," the first story of *The Woman Warrior*. It strikingly resembles the opening sentence of Alice Walker's *The Color Purple* (1982): "You better not tell nobody but God. It'd kill your mammy."[6]

They are the words of prohibition: "Don't tell," one from a mother to a daughter, the other from a father to a daughter. Later revealed in *The Woman Warrior* is the (erased) existence of the father's sister who jumped into a well with her new-born illegitimate baby; in *The Color Purple*, what would "kill your mammy" turns out to be a rape of the daughter by the father-in-law. Voicing violation of taboo, one committed in a family in the Confucian China and the other in the racially segregated American South, forms another taboo of forcing the daughters into silence. The two daughters, however, decline not to tell, and transform themselves into speaking women, providing the authors with major literary awards, as well as harsh criticism from male authors of authority in their communities. The male authors condemn the female authors for exposing their own communities and men of kin to public disgrace, and in so doing position racism before sexism. Frank Chin, who deems individual pain as "the expression of ego" and "psychological attitudinizing"[7] and as deserving to serve political purposes, may have been ignorant of the motto of the second wave feminism: "The personal is political." The twin-like works by the two women writers of minority and responses to them make one aware once again of complexity and hierarchy existing between gender and ethnicity.[8] Considering the fact that another writer Chin criticizes severely is David Henry Hwang, who

in *M. Butterfly* (1989) depicts a gay actor of the Beijing opera, one is to assume that sexuality can also be an issue here. It is too obvious and universal a construct within which minorities among minorities are lambasted.

Chin also bases his criticism of *The Woman Warrior* on its ambiguity between fact and fiction as well as that of genre. Although the work bears as its subtitle "Memoirs of a Girlhood among Ghosts," readers will realize immediately that it might as well be called autobiographical fiction. The author herself admits that she wrote it as a novel, but that she was advised by an editor to present it as nonfiction, for the first work of fiction by a young writer often hardly sells.[9] The strategy may have worked; it won the National Book Critics Circle Award for nonfiction. The fact itself points to the ambiguous nature of the work that plays on hybridity of reality and fantasy. Serious-minded Chin, however, was furious, insisting that Kingston writes not Chinese American history but "the fake China."[10] For Kingston, however, "the truest book of American history" is William Carlos William's *In the American Grain*, in which female-impersonating Abraham Lincoln walks the fields of the Civil War,[11] and her ambition is to write history as mythical truth.[12] Chin considers *The Woman Warrior* as a descendant of the Christian tradition of autobiographical literature and labels it as accommodating itself to a white readership; he may have also been unfamiliar with how autobiography as a genre has come to play a significant role in women's literature since the late sixties.[13]

Kingston, born and brought up in the United States, admits: "It's about my imaginary China that I write."[14] and challenges Chin when she subtitles *Tripmaster Monkey* (1987) "His Fake Book," which some consider to be her response to Chin's criticism.[15] *The Woman Warrior* and *China Men* (1980) tell the stories/histories of Chinese Americans from female/male point of view respectively. Yet bearing in mind that the Chinese America had long been a male-dominated, bachelor society, the former may play a more substantial role in filling in gaps of their history. It echoes Willa Cather's effort when she, in *O Pioneers!* (1913), let women's voices heard in the history of pioneering the West, which had been overwhelmingly *his* story.

No Name Woman

Tell/Don't Tell

We acknowledged earlier that there is a semblance in the opening passages of *The Woman Warrior* and *The Color Purple*, in which the narrators are forced not to speak. But there is a crucial difference: while in the latter, the rapist father-in-law imposes silence on the victimized daughter, in the former the mother, telling the daughter not to tell, communicates women's tragedy to her:

> Don't let your father know that I told you. He denies her. Now that you have started to menstruate, what happened to her could happen to you. Don't humiliate us. You wouldn't

like to be forgotten as if you had never been born. (5)

This admonition may sound in accordance with gender norms of patriarchy/feudalism/Confucianism; yet it can also be interpreted as a critique of, and a resistance against her husband who denies the life of his sister, or as a revenge, if one follows the work's creed that to report is to avenge. Moreover, it warns the daughter who experiences her first menstruation what danger a woman's body can entail to herself, and welcomes her who enters "women's time" in the women's bond.

The narrator's mother, Brave Orchid, says that she found the no name woman and her baby stuck in the family well the day after the baby was born. The narrator, on the other hand, questions her mother's remark, wondering how she could be there when she didn't live with her sister-in-law. The narrator is often confounded by her mother's "talk-story" that fluctuates between truth and lie. Should it be true, however, her mother had been the first witness of a suicide. While "No Name Woman" foregrounds "the female body with the indelible mark of trauma,"[16] witnessing violence exercised upon woman's body should also be a traumatic experience. A nation shares traumatic memories, which is one of the main themes of *The Woman Warrior*; at the same time, gender, which Spivak calls "the most global institution with the longest history,"[17] has its own traumatic memories. From rape, incest, adultery, foot-binding, the imposition of silence, to the equivalence between wife and slave, the book is filled with traumatic memories of female gender—as Fa Mu Lan's back is covered with words, waiting to be told. The narrative structure, in which the mother relays a story to the daughter, is evident in the last episode of the book; yet in fact one is to notice that it is the differentiation of the first episode. The narrator's female hero/woman warrior is not only Fa Mu Lan but also Brave Orchid, her own mother, unreliable speaker and "champion talker" (202); or rather, more the latter than the former.[18] The daughter astutely observes that the mother's " 'Don't tell' means 'Tell,'"[19] and tells five stories of her own. Readers may be invited to speak on, inspired by the author's artifice, who later slips in a jazz jargon in the subtitle of *Tripmaster Monkey*: His Fake Book.[20]

The Body as Woman/Writing

The "no name woman" became pregnant while her husband is long away from home in the Gold Mountain, another name of America. She gave birth to the baby in a pigsty on her own, without betraying the name of the baby's father or anything that led up to the illegitimate birth. Villagers in white mask broke down her house, killed livestock, and robbed, crying out "Pig." "Ghost." "Pig" (5). She jumped into the family well the next day with the new-born baby in her arms. Ever since, she has had her name erased, her existence denied, and suffered punishment called oblivion.

As Gayle Sato names her "Hester Prynne's sister,"[21] human society, East or West, will not forgive a woman trespassing the border of matrimony. Unlike her American sister who dares to live with a sign of adultery and a new life in her bosom, however, can this woman, in

choosing silence and death, be nothing but a subaltern who cannot speak in the end, a loser?

In her revised essay on "subaltern," which since its publication in 1988 has created considerable controversy and one of the key concepts of postcolonial-feminist critique, Gayatri C. Spivak refers to a young Indian girl's suicide as an attempt "to 'speak' by turning her body into a text of woman/writing" and an act to rewrite sati, widow self-immolation.[22] The girl, involved in the independence movement in India, rejected to kill for the sake of ideology, and chose to kill herself instead, having waited for menstruation so as to avoid misunderstanding that she had been engaged in an illegitimate passion. In so doing, Spivak suggests, the girl denounced the institution binding female sexuality and rewrote sati that forbids a widow to commit suicide during menstruation. Could we assume, then, that the no name woman, by jumping into the family's drinking water, turned her body as well as her baby's into text and made a manifest attack on the family (and its institution), and that, in other words, she was a suicide bomber, speaker and warrior at once?

Although the narrator of *The Woman Warrior* is sometimes called "Ho Chi Kuei" whose meaning is unknown,[23] her name is never revealed in the book. As if in response to Virginia Woolf's declaration that anonymity runs in women's blood,[24] the narrator identifies herself as another no name woman, her aunt "my forerunner" (8), and devotes pages to her beyond fifty years of neglect and silence.

My aunt haunts me. (16)

As Shakespeare's sister is for Woolf and Bhubaneswari is for Spivak, for this no name Chinese American girl, her aunt who killed herself in China fifty years ago is definitely the fundamental source of inspiration. Haunted, she conjures up her aunt's soul in the act of mourning, which lies at the core of her speaking and writing.

Memory, Imagination, Creation

The girl imagines the life of her aunt, whom she has never seen in reality or photograph, but only heard of through her mother—in other words, whose existence cannot be proven. Was she an ordinary woman or an outrageous romantic? While saying that it is hard to imagine her aunt as sexually liberated, she also points out that her aunt left her family for a man's scant charm. Did she meet him in the fields or market? Hoping on one hand that the man her aunt loved was not "just a tits-and-ass man,"(9) she suggests on the other hand a possibility of a rape or an incest. She imagines the pain and solitude of giving birth alone in a pigsty, her aunt's love and adoration of the baby who slept like a piglet, full of milk. It must have been a baby girl, for a boy may have been forgiven. The narrator keeps imagining the life and person of her aunt whose memories are lost to eternity, in layers and layers of details—the act worthy of the name of creation. Jacques Le Goff, a historian in the Annales School, calls for attention the relationship between memory and imagination as well as memory and poetry, referring to the fact that the Latins generally said "to memorize"

when they meant "to imagine," and that in the Greek mythology, the Muses, the goddesses of imagination, are the daughters of Memory.[25] Kingston herself admits: "Memory is artistic"[26] and introduces a Vietnam veteran's comment: "Writing, you change. And you change the world, even the past."[27]

Even more noteworthy is that Kingston's effort as author to make the best of her imaginative/creative capacity in portraying her aunt's life-stories can be considered to represent/reproduce the history of Chinese Americans when they passed through Angel Island. Their history tells us that the 1906 San Francisco earthquake and its subsequent fires burned down much of public records of identification, thereby enabling numerous illegal immigrants to claim citizenship, and also letting "paper sons" to rush from China to the United States, with versions of fictional life-stories in their heads. As Kingston suggests: "that's the way narration and memory and stories work in our culture. So, that's a gift given to me by our culture,"[28] the Chinese American history might be the motley texture of fiction and reality interfered and interwoven with each other.

A Song for a Barbarian Reed Pipe

Cutting the Tongue

The World of *The Woman Warrior* is loaded with violence. On a community/nation level, Fa Mu Lan fought in a war as a substitute for her father; the narrator was born and raised in the midst of the century of warfare, from the World War Two, the Korean War, to the Vietnam War; in the communist China her uncles were executed; her aunts had their thumbs twisted off and drowned themselves. If we believe with Judith Butler that "[i]t is precisely because one is mired in violence that the possibility of non-violence emerges,"[29] are we supposed to be veterans of war in order to discipline ourselves as veterans of peace?

Depicted is a variety of violence committed upon women. Battered with verbal violence such as "Girls are maggots in the rice." "It is more profitable to raise geese than daughters." (43), the narrator thrusts herself on the floor and cries out. She is particularly confounded with her mother's remark that the latter cut the former's tongue in her childhood. She does not remember the incident; she sees no trace of scar in the frenum, watching it closely in the mirror with her tongue curled up. One may remember that in Sam Shepard's movie *The Silent Tongue* (1993), a native American woman is raped after her tongue being cut out so that she would not scream. Cutting of a tongue not only deprives one of a speaking ability but can be interpreted symbolically as female genital mutilation, a most cruel act if done by mother to daughter. However, when asked by the narrator if she did it because they say in China, "a ready tongue is an evil" (164), her mother replies that she did it so that her daughter would not be tongue-tied and pronounce any sound.[30] To make her mute or eloquent? It is ambivalence as cruel as "a cruel knot" (163), as if telling not to tell in order to tell and let tell.

When she entered kindergarten and had to speak English that she had not mastered, the narrator kept silent for a whole year and failed, and got a zero IQ in the first year at

elementary school. The way she feels "[a] dumbness—a shame—still cracks my voice in two" and struggles to speak "American-feminine" (165; 172) reminds one how difficult it can be to acquire voice and language, even for the second-generation immigrants. The narrator curses, drags hair, pinches a cheek of a girl who never utters a word except when she recites in class, in a vain effort to make her speak. The narrator is not only a victim but also a perpetrator of violence on women, in a similar manner that the mother called on her sister in China to come and face her husband who kept another family in America, and ended up bringing insanity and death to her sister. Implied behind it is that the mute girl is a double, a shadow of the narrator, as Moon Orchid and Brave Orchid have "faces like mirrors." (118)

The mother and daughter engage themselves in a desperate verbal battle. The daughter reproaches the mother: "You lie with stories." "I can't tell what's real and what you make up" (202); the mother curses the daughter for being "Ho Chi Kuei" who cannot distinguish between reality and falsity, truth and lie. The daughter leaves home, searching for a world without darkness and ghosts, filled with light and logic in every hole and corner. The mother might have wanted to tell the daughter, as Virginia Woolf did in front of female students at Cambridge: "Lies will flow from my lips, but there may perhaps be some truth mixed up with them; it is for you to seek out this truth and to decide whether any part of it is worth keeping."[31] The daughter herself must have known better than anyone else that a line between light and darkness, truth and lie, language and silence, sanity and insanity can be extremely thin, for she recollects that she "enjoyed the silence" (166), and she covered pictures with black paint because it was "so black and full of possibility," it was a picture of a moment before curtains rise, underneath the black curtains brilliant operas (165).

Song almost like Silence

A coda to "A Song for a Barbarian Reed Pipe" as well as *The Woman Warrior* is a story of another woman warrior - speaking woman, introduced by the mother and finished by the daughter. It is a story of Ts'ai Yen, a woman poet born in A.D. 175 as the daughter of a renowned scholar. Captured at the age of twenty by a nomadic people of the Southern Hsiung-nu, she served during her twelve years of captivity as a mounted warrior and gave birth to two children by the chieftain. (While the no name woman delivered a baby in a pigsty, Ts'ai Yen experienced her labor on the sand.)

The barbarians made nock-whistles by slipping feathers and arrow shafts into reeds. When the arrows whistled in battle, the weapons became musical instruments and terrified their enemies with high whirling whistles, "filling the air with death sounds." Then one night when the sand was shining gold under the moon, hundreds of barbarians sat on the sand and played the flutes. The songs of the flutes, soaring sharp and cold, penetrated Ts'ai Yen's heart like "an icicle in the desert" (208), who, disturbed and pained, also sang a song so high and clear, a song about her family in China. The barbarians did not understand the Chinese language, but understood the sorrow and anger of a wandering soul and felt "they could catch barbarian phrases." Twelve years later, Ts'ai Yen was ransomed and married a man whom

her father chose so as to carry on the Han lineage. One of the songs she brought back from the savage land, "Eighteen Stanzas for a Barbarian Reed Pipe," came to be sung widely to Chinese instruments. "It translated well," the end of the story reads (209).

The fate of Ts'ai Yen is the fate of women who can only grow up to be wife or slave, as the narrator used to hear as a girl, and as one sees every day in newspaper articles on human trafficking. Ts'ai Yen, the slave woman poet-warrior who dared not become a runaway slave, however, became a mediator between "barbarians" and "barbarians," and transformed sorrow into song. She may also bridge silence and language, mother tongue and other tongues, life and death, and so forth. Probably it is not enough to "name the unspeakable" (5). The task of a poet would not only be to give a voice to silence, but to keep wandering (like a ghost) between silence and language, to engage herself/himself in "an incessant shuttle that is a 'life'," [32] and while wandering, to sing "a chant that could hardly be discerned from silence." [33] As Mahasweta Devi writes in her account of a non-literate society of native Indians, [34] stories will then become songs, songs will be written in the history, whereby they will resonate throughout the planet to which we belong.

---

[1] Laura E. Skanadela-Trobley, introduction, *Critical Essays on Maxine Hong Kingston* (New York: G. K. Hall, 1998) 2.

[2] Helena Grice, *Maxine Hong Kingston* (Manchester: Manchester UP, 2006) 17.

[3] Ibid., 18.

[4] Elaine H. Kim, "Such Opposite Creatures: Men and Women in Asian American Literature," *Michigan Quarterly Review* 29 (1990): 79.

[5] Maxine Hong Kingston, *The Woman Warrior: Memoirs of a Girlhood among Ghosts* (New York: Knopf, 1976) 3. References to the novel are to this edition hereafter, and are included parenthetically in the text.

[6] Alice Walker, *The Color Purple* (Orlando: Harcourt, 1982) 1.

[7] Frank Chin, "This Is Not an Autobiography," *Genre* 58 (1985): 112.

[8] Kingston points out that Chin befriends Ishmael Reed, a stern criticizer of Walker, and mentions: "[A]ny little thing we do to them will destroy their manhood even worse because they are already so fragile" (Skenazy and Martin 184). It is also noteworthy that the two criticized women writers joined the anti-war march on the International Women's Day in 2003, got arrested and shared a cell as inmates, and that Walker produced a documentary film entitled *Warrior Marks*, another crucible of pros and cons.

[9] Skenazy and Martin 2.

[10] Chin, "The Most Popular Book" 28.

[11] Skenazy and Martin 39.

[12] It will be worthwhile to remember the discussions of Toni Morrison, who emphasizes the importance of "rememory" when black America reconstructs the memory of slavery, and of Michel Foucault, who asserts the significance of "counter memory" for a subject of resistance.

[13] Kingston reports: "There's a lot of people who've told me that I've written their diaries" (Skenazy and Martin 46). It is exactly the same as what Anaïs Nin, supposedly the most well-known diarist in the twentieth century, reveals after her *Diary* was published in1966.

[14] Skenazy and Martin 8. The 2017 Nobel laureate, Kazuo Ishiguro, makes a strikingly similar comment about his novel *An Artist of the Floating World*: "I think the Japan that exists in that book is very much my own personal, imaginary Japan." See "Wave Patterns," *Grand Street* 38 (1991): 75.

[15] Kingston says in her interviews: "It's like him sending me hate mail, and I send him love letters," and "I don't want to honor him with answers" to his blatant, even personal slanders (Skenazy and Martin

81; 202), thus expressing her ambivalent feelings toward him.

[16] Jennifer Griffiths, "Uncanny Spaces: Trauma, Cultural Memory, and the Female Body in Gayle Joness's *Corregidora* and Maxine Hong Kingston's *The Woman Warrior*," *Studies in the Novel* 38.3 (2006): 354.

[17] Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, *Other Asias* (Malden: Blackwell, 2008) 254.

[18] Fukuko Kobayashi, in discussing *The Woman Warrior* and *The Joy Luck Club* by Amy Tan, points out that the narrators in the two Chinese American works suffer from conflict with their mothers, and establish their own identity not so much through a separation from their mothers as acknowledging a tie with them. See *Gender to Ethnicity de Yomu America Josei Bungaku: Shu-en kara Kyokai e [Reading American Women Literature through Gender and Ethnicity: From Marginality to Boundary*]. Tokyo: Gakugei-shorin, 2006) 157.

[19] Kingston, *Through the Black Curtain* (Berkeley: The Friends of the Bancroft Library, U of California, 1987) 5.

[20] "Fake Book" is a collection of musical sheets containing basic melodies, chords, and lyrics, which construct a base of free improvisation. Kingston, in choosing the subtitle, intended to write only the beginning of a story, letting readers finish it (Skenazy and Martin 204-5). Another suggestion of Kingston's that "[t]he talking women start their best gossip with 'Don't tell'" (*Through the Black Curtain* 5) echoes with the opening of Toni Morrison's *The Bluest Eye*, "Quiet as it's kept." (*The Bluest Eye* [London: Picador, 1993] 3).

[21] Gayle K. Fujita Sato, "Ghosts as Chinese American Constructs in Maxine Hong Kingston's *The Woman Warrior*," *Haunting the House of Fiction: Feminist Perspectives on Ghost Stories by American Women*. Ed. Lynette Carpenter and Wendy K. Kolmar (Knoxvile: U of Tennessee P, 1991) 198.

[22] Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, *A Critique of Postcolonial Reason: Toward a History of Vanishing Present* (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1999) 308.

[23] According to a Chinese American critic Chia-rong Wu, "Ho Chi Kuei" can be roughly translated as "ghost-like." ("Ghosting America: Cross Cultural Shadows in Maxine Hong Kingston's Memoirs." *Interactions* 20.1-2 [2011]: 168.)

[24] Virginia Woolf, *The Room of One's Own* (London: Grafton, 1988) 50.

[25] Jacques Le Gogh, *History and Memory*. Trans. Steven Rendall and Elizabeth Claman (New York: Columbia UP, 1996) 86.

[26] Kingston, *Hawai'i One Summer* (Honolulu: U of Hawai'i P, 1987) xvii.

[27] Kingston, *The Fifth Book of Peace* (New York: Vintage, 2004) 266.

[28] Skenazy and Martin 74.

[29] Judith Butler, *Frames of War* (London: Verso, 2010) 171.

[30] Jeehyun Lim, in discussing language and body in *The Woman Warrior*, reports that the tongue-cutting custom can be seen in the present-day South Korea, the nation which is known to be passionate about English education. See "Cutting the Tongue: Language and the Body in Kingston's *The Woman Warrior*." *Melus* 31.3 (2006).

[31] Woolf 6.

[32] Spivak, "Translation as Culture," *An Aesthetic Education in the Era of Globalization* (Cambridge: Harvard UP, 2012) 241.

[33] Kingston, *China Men* (New York: Knopf, 1980) 122.

[34] Mahasweta Devi, "Petrodactyl, Puran Sahay, and Pirtha," *Imaginary Maps*. Trans. Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak (New York: Routledge, 1995) 95-196.

Works Cited

Butler, Judith. *Frames of War*. London: Verso, 2010.

Chin, Frank. "This Is Not an Autobiography," *Genre* 58 (1985): 109-30.

----, "The Most Popular Book in China." *Maxine Hong Kingston's*
The Woman Warrior: A Casebook. New York: Oxford UP, 1999. 23-28.

Devi, Mahasweta. "Petrodactyl, Puran Sahay, and Pirtha," *Imaginary Maps*. Trans. Gayatri

Chakravorty Spivak. New York: Routledge, 1995. 95-196.

Gogh, Jacques Le. *History and Memory*. Trans. Steven Rendall and Elizabeth Claman. New York: Columbia UP, 1996.

Grice, Helena. *Maxien Hong Kingston*. Manchester: Manchester UP, 2006.

Griffiths, Jennifer. "Uncanny Spaces: Trauma, Cultural Memory, and the Female Body in Gayl Joness's *Corregidora* and Maxine Hong Kingston's *The Woman Warrior*." *Studies in the Novel* 38.3 (2006): 353-70.

Hwang, David Henry. *M. Butterfly*. New York: Penguin, 1989.

Ishiguro, Kazuo and Kenzaburo Oe. "Wave Patterns: A Dialogue," *Grand Street* 38 (1991): 75-91.

Kim, Elaine H. "Such Opposite Creatures: Men and Women in Asian American Literature." *Michigan Quarterly Review* 29 (1990): 68-93.

Kingston, Maxine Hong. *The Woman Warrior: Memoirs of a Girlhood among Ghosts*. New York: Knopf, 1976.

-----. *China Men*. New York: Knopf, 1980.

-----. *Hawai'i One Summer*. Honolulu: U of Hawai'i P, 1987.

-----. *Through the Black Curtain*. Berkeley: The Friends of the Bancroft Library, U of California, Berkeley, 1987.

-----. *Tripmaster Monkey: His Fake Book*. New York: Vintage, 1987.

-----. *The Fifth Book of Peace*. New York: Vintage, 2004.

-----. Ed. *Veterans of War, Veterans of Peace*. Kihei: Koa. New York: Knopf, 2006.

Kobayashi, Fukuko. *Gender to Ethnicity de Yomu America Josei Bungaku: Shu-en kara Kyokai e* [*Reading American Women Literature through Gender and Ethnicity: From Marginality to Boundary*]. Tokyo: Gakugei-shorin, 2006.

Lim, Jeehyun. "Cutting the Tongue: Language and the Body in Kingston's *The Woman Warrior*." *Melus* 31.3 (2006): 49-65.

Morrison, Toni. *Beloved*. New York: Plume, 1988.

-----. "Unspeakable Things Unspoken: The Afro-American Presence in American Literature." *Michigan Quarterly Review* 28.1 (1989):123-64.

-----. *The Bluest Eye*. London: Picador. 1993.

Sato, Gayle K. Fujita, "Ghosts as Chinese American Constructs in Maxine Hong Kingston's *The Woman Warrior*." *Haunting the House of Fiction: Feminist Perspectives on Ghost Stories by American Women*. Ed. Carpenter, Lynette and Wendy K. Kolmar. Knoxvile: U of Tennessee P, 1991. 193-214.

Skanadela-Trobley, Laura E, ed. *Critical Essays on Maxine Hong Kingston*. New York: G. K. Hall, 1988.

Skenazy, Paul and Tera Martin, ed. *Conversations with Maxine Hong Kingston*. Jackson: U P of Mississippi, 1998.

Spivak, Gayatri Chakravorty. *A Critique of Postcolonial Reason: Toward a History of Vanishing Present*. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1999.

-----. *Other Asias*. Malden: Blackwell, 2008.

-----. "Translation as Culture." *An Aesthetic Education in the Era of Globalization*. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 2012.

Walker, Alice. *The Color Purple*. Orlando: Harcourt, 1982.

Woolf, Virginia. *The Room of One's Own*, London: Grafton, 1977.

Wu, Chia-rong. "Ghosting America: Cross Cultural Shadows in Maxine Hong Kingston's Memoirs." *Interactions* 20.1-2 (2011): 161-73.